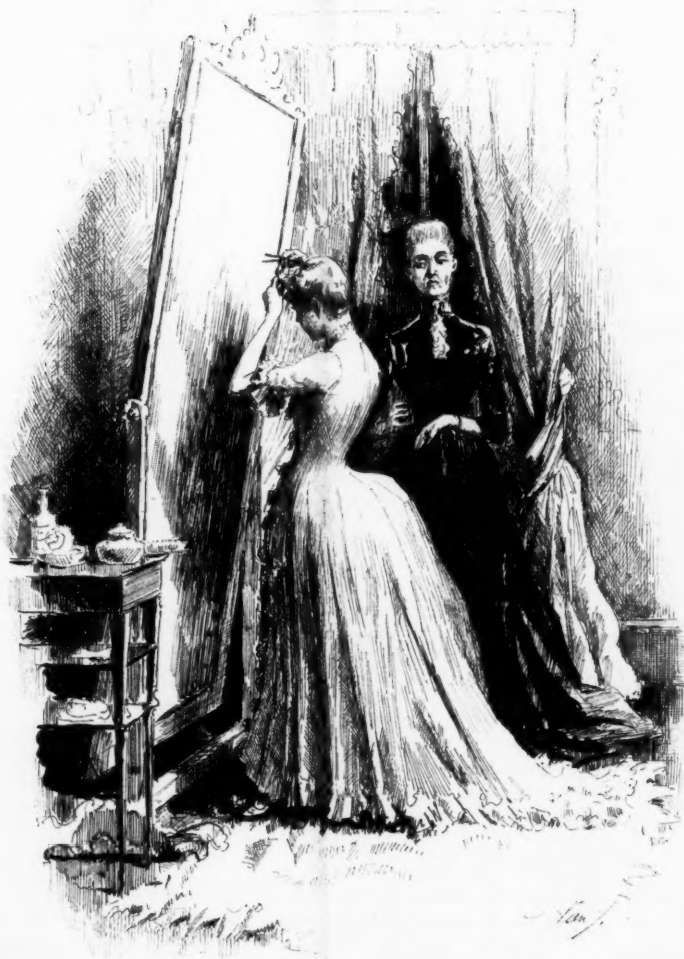


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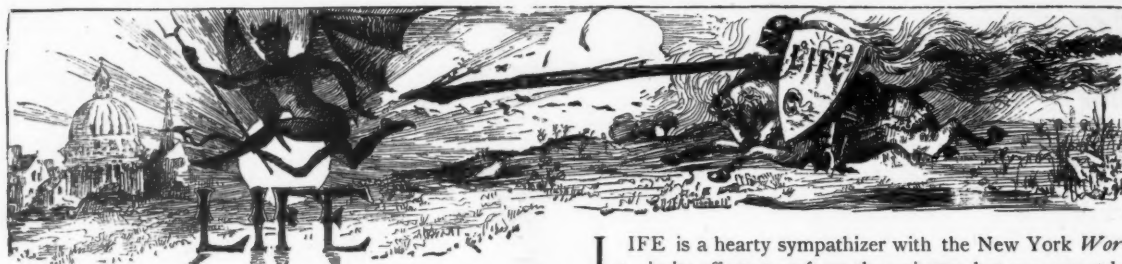


“ — WHO HELP THEMSELVES.”

*Aunt Kate:* MY DEAR, DON'T YOU THINK IF IT HAD BEEN THE LORD'S WISH THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE CURLING HAIR, HE WOULD HAVE CURLED IT FOR YOU?

*Jessie:* AND SO HE DID, AUNT KATE, WHEN I WAS A BABY. HE PROBABLY THINKS I AM OLD ENOUGH NOW TO DO IT FOR MYSELF.

VE  
Y BRUT  
-BRUT  
RA DRY  
N.Y.  
LER-  
WATER  
VANDAS



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. X. SEPTEMBER 8, 1887. No. 245.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

WE hope the Grand Army of the Republic feels proud of itself for its recent insult to the President. We hope so, because if the G. A. R. is not proud of itself, it is in a very sorry position, for no one else is proud of it, and the general belief of all men who can rise above partisan politics is, that it would have been better for themselves and their country if the men who trailed their colors in the gutter rather than walk under a banner bearing the President's portrait had had what few brains they possess shot out twenty-four years ago.

If such an exhibition is not indicative of a rebellious spirit of the most paltry order, we should like to know what is. It is almost as despicable as the recent behavior of Palsy Fairchild.

PRINCE FERDINAND is certainly a very plucky individual, but his recent trustful remarks to his new subjects hardly seem sincere when we reflect that immediately after telling his people that he felt perfectly safe in their hands, he went off and had his life insured for two hundred thousand florins.

Battenberg was cheered and beloved by the populace, but he is no longer monarch. Coburg is hardly likely to fare better.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Evening Post* has made the startling discovery that the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is so much like the story of William Wilson, by Poe, that Mr. Stevenson lays himself open to the suspicion of having read Poe's story, and derived his inspiration from it.

This offense of Mr. Stevenson's is almost as heinous as that of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, who, as is well known, borrowed freely from each other without giving credit, to say nothing of what they cribbed from the Old Testament prophets.

The *Post's* correspondent should move to have all these men indicted.

LIFE is a hearty sympathizer with the *New York World* in its efforts to reform the universe, but we cannot but protest against its unwarranted abuse of Judge Potter. It was not Judge Potter's fault that he was selected to try the cause of Sharp, and because he happens to decide in a way contrary to the desire of the public is no reason for subjecting him to newspaper blackguardism.

There are thousands of people who believe that Jacob Sharp is a dangerous man, a corruptor of the worst type, who yet believe that he was not properly convicted on the evidence produced in court. If there is any reasonable doubt on that point it should be cleared away, and an appeal to a higher tribunal is the only way to so clear it.

Because a man is rich is no reason why he should not receive absolute justice, whatever his crimes, even though it offend so great a journalist, so noble a philanthropist, and so able a statesman as Joseph Pulitzer.

\* \* \*

IT was a peculiarly pathetic incident, it seems to us, that evoked from Mayor Hewitt a letter to one of the boys of New York on the subject of ball playing down town. It calls the attention of the public to the unhappy fact that between the Battery and Central Park there is not one spot on which the children of poverty can disport themselves without insulting the majesty of the law; and while our worthy Mayor assures his boyish correspondent that he will do all that he can to ameliorate the hard lot of the downtown boy and girl who break the laws when they indulge in childish sport, we all know that during the present Mayor's term of office, and during the terms of generation after generation of mayors to come, nothing will be done, because nothing can be done in New York without years of constant effort, when the children of to-day will have become the great-grandfathers of yesterday.

All of which goes to prove that the children should be sent off to some spot where it is not a crime to play ball; where the police are not on the lookout for such depraved youth as indulge their passion for hop-scotch, and where youth may stand on its head, laugh aloud, spin tops, climb trees, and even shriek—the boy who does not like to shriek is not a true boy—without running the risk of being fined for disorderly conduct.

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund is doing a little to help the children, and is still open to do what remains to be done.

\* \* \*

WE congratulate the *Times* upon a radical improvement in its make-up. To have compressed the account of the execution of a French murderer to a column and a dozen lines is a great journalistic feat—for the *Times*.



### A NATURAL INFERENCE.

*She:* DOES YOUR PARROT TALK, MR. MARKS?

*Mr. Marks (not intellectual):* NOT MUCH, EXCEPT WHAT I'VE TAUGHT HIM.

*She:* ONLY WHISTLES AND SWEARS A LITTLE, I SUPPOSE.

### BLOWING.

THE newspaper talk about the *Thistle* and *Volunteer* is getting more and more vigorous as the contest draws nigh.

The *Boston Globe* has the following:

"An English admirer of the *Thistle*, who has sailed in her on several occasions, writes to say that 'she is as stanch as an Irish packet, as easy to handle as a lady's fan, and as light as her own thistle down.'

"But what is the matter with the American *Volunteer*? She is as reliable as death and taxes; as pliable as a wad of putty, and as fleet as a streak of greased lightning.

"Moreover, the great Lick telescope might be focused on her for a coon's age and not a fly could be discovered about her premises."

If we can only get as much wind on the day of the race as there is in paragraphs of this sort, the two boats ought to beat all previous records.

### THREE DOLLARS WILL SEND A CHILD INTO THE COUNTRY FOR TWO WEEKS.

WE wish it distinctly understood that LIFE is proud. Four weeks ago we informed our readers of the interesting fact contained in the caption above, and they have responded most generously as the acknowledgments below and those that have preceded them will show. Two hundred and thirty children have been renewed in health and strength, and there is still a balance of one dollar left in the treasury to be devoted to reviving the spirits of some fortunate two

hundred and thirty-first infant who probably does not even dream of the delights in store for him or her.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following:

Previously Acknowledged	\$550.00
J. B. M.	10.00
An Art Student	3.00
A. H. Chadbourne	3.00
B.	25.00
Anonymous	25.00
A. C. B.	10.00
Ed. A., Jr.	15.00
Hope	3.00
Two Little Boys	3.00
Sellar Bullard	12.25
A Bad Boy	.75
Fair at Luzerne gotten up by Elsie and Dorothy Bunker assisted by Willie Termille and Chapman Ropes	28.00
In Memoriam	3.00
	\$691.00

J. D. Minot is informed that the contribution concerning which he asks amounts to \$59.75 to date.

In conclusion we beg to inform our readers that we are very much like *Oliver Twist*.

We are asking for more.





### "LIFE'S" IMPROVED POETS.

COLERIDGE.

I ASKED my fair, one happy day,  
What should I call her in my lay;  
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece:  
Lalage, Neera, Chloris,  
Sappho, Lesbia or Doris,  
Arethusa or Lucrece.

"Ah," replied my gentle fair,  
"Beloved, what are names but air?  
Choose thou whatever suits thy plan.  
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,  
Call me Lalage or Doris,  
Call me Henrietta, Susa,  
Maude, Jerusha, Arethusa,  
Call me anything from Jess to Fan,  
But—draw the line at Mary Ann."

THE devil will play his last card on Judgment day, but Gabriel will trumpet.

THEY read Browning's poems upside down in Chicago, and claim to find him quite as prime as Eugene Field.

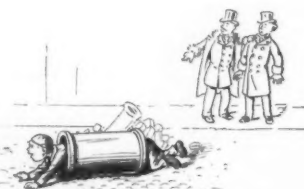
THE *Sun* sticks to its editorial cat, and the *World* has lately acquired a large editorial dog, "which his name is Brag."

HENRY is not altogether a bag of conceit, but in private life he is said to believe that Washington was named after George.

THE literal meaning of *Dies Faustus* is "lucky day," but a majority of those mentioned in Goethe's poem found it quite the reverse.

AN English paper says that Burgess is an amateur who doesn't know how to use beam.

The English yachtsmen should cast a little more mote into their own yachts before criticising the beam that is in Burgeses.



"GRACIOUS, WHAT A TALL BOY!"

THE *World* shows that it is like its great namesake in its ability to revolve. Its present attitude toward the President is a complete revolution.

NEWSPAPER bragging is quite natural. No self respecting journal will hide its light under a bushel when it knows that its brilliancy cannot be gauged by bushels.

THE superstitious have received a severe blow in the rescue of the missing thirteen from the City of Montreal. They sat thirteen at table for five days, and yet they are all safe!

### COMPARATIVE.

"OH, pshaw," said the Bostonian, contemptuously, "everything with you New Yorkers is the Almighty dollar."

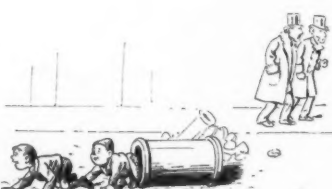
"And with the Bostonians everything is the omnipotent quarter," replied the New Yorker.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us as follows:

A friend of mine sat down in Madison Square about 11 o'clock the other evening; about fifteen minutes to 12 a park policeman ordered him out. Had that park policeman any legal right to do so?  
J. V. Dusenberry.

It all depends on circumstances, J. V. Dusenberry. If your friend sat on the fountain, or insisted on being dandled on the leg of the Seward statue, we think the policeman simply did his duty.

DURING a recent heavy rain the State of Rhode Island was washed over into Connecticut, but the Governor hired a couple of Italian laborers for half a day, and the State has been shoveled back to the old site.



"BY THE WAY, YOU WERE SAYING?"

THE Boston *Transcript* asks, "Have we too many mouths to feed?"

Not knowing the editor of the *Transcript* personally, we are not certain as to how many mouths he has. As for ourselves, we find one mouth all we care to control.



HEY say that the "Man with the Iron Mask"  
Was a tale without foundation;  
That William Tell and his cruel task  
Was a fanciful brain's creation.

They say that Egypt's swarthy Queen  
Did not dissolve a pearl;  
That the Cenci's pure and pleading face  
Is that of a peasant girl.

They say that Byron slightly limped,  
That witty Elia drank;  
That Thomas Carlyle, with his marvelous tomes,  
Was at best "an unmannerly crank."

I've not a single idol left  
That has proved to be better than clay.  
I'm left now lamenting, alone, and bereaved  
By the pitiless tongue of "They say."

#### CUPID AND MR. PAGINA.

MR. PAGINA was a young man of twenty-five years or so, who wrote for the satirical papers. He had arrived at that period of his literary career when editors asked him to write for their journals instead of his being obliged to go to them, and when he was sufficiently independent to sign his letters "Yours very truly" instead of "Yours respectfully." He had, in addition, been guilty of a bookling of rhymelets, which had been read outside of his own immediate circle. In short, he was well able to stand up to his neck in the waters of Helicon without fear of being knocked off his feet by an unruly wave or treacherous undercurrent.

He was seated in his apartment one evening in a delirium of inspiration over an "Ode to Cupid," when a slight cough behind him caused him to turn his head and he perceived, to his astonishment, that he was not alone. Seated in a chair at the farther end of the room was a pale, delicate featured young man attired entirely in black and having very much the appearance of a young divinity student. His hair was clustered in thick, dark masses around his forehead, and his whole appearance was so sombre that he would have been scarcely distinguishable from the shadows hovering about him had not his gleaming eyes thrown a sort of halo around his countenance and brought it into plainer view.

"I owe you an apology, Mr. Pagina," said the stranger, rising, "and I trust you will pardon my unceremonious entrance, but when you have learned my name and my errand I venture to affirm that you will not consider my intrusion entirely unpardonable."

"Indeed!" answered Mr. Pagina, "and whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"I am, sir, the subject of the poem you are now engaged upon."

"What! you surely cannot be—"

"Yes, I am Cupid, the deity of Love."

Mr. Pagina arose and made a profound obeisance.

"Cupid," he said, "I am indeed fortunate, and I entreat you to pardon my lack of courtesy. May I venture to inquire to what I am indebted for this honor?"

"I have come," responded Cupid, running his hand pensively through his thick, dark hair, "to enlighten you in regard to a few things concerning myself of which you, in common with your literary brethren, display a most dense ignorance."

Mr. Pagina drew his chair nearer and prepared to listen.

"In the first place, as to the ode you are now addressing to me, and by which, I assure you, I feel greatly honored. But, Mr. Pagina, you appear to overlook the fact that my youth is past. I no longer run around with bow and arrow shooting at random—"

"Why, Cupid," interrupted Mr. Pagina, "can it be that you are now in your real form—that you are not disguised?"

"I am in my real form, believe me. Love, you should know, has become methodical, calculative and cautious. Instead of inducting ardent swains to extravagant hyperbolification, I render them cool, matter of fact and prudent. Love, as society is now constituted, is purely a business matter. 'Give me your gold for my name' instead of the old formula, 'Give me your heart for my love.'"

"But, Cupid," said Mr. Pagina, "the old poets—"

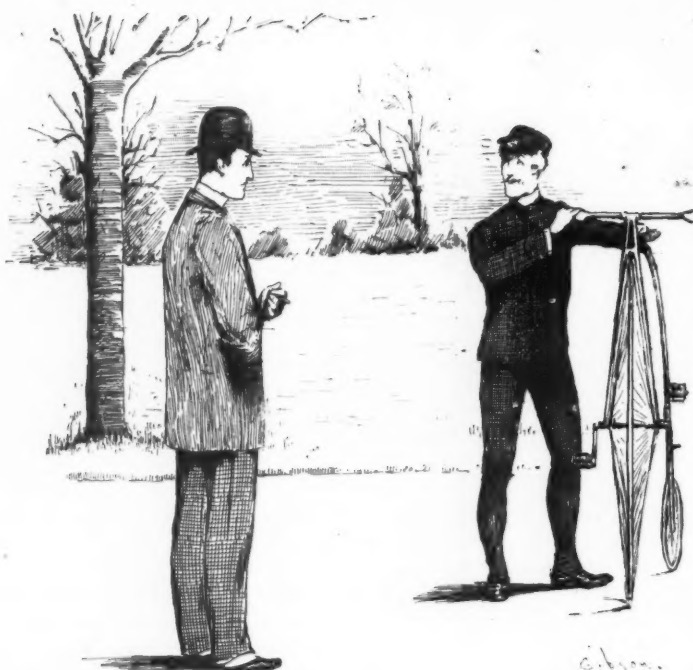
"Tut, tut," answered Cupid, "the old fiddlesticks! They wrote under the inspiration of young and inexperienced Love. But I am no longer young, as I told you. Can you not understand?"

Mr. Pagina mused and looked puzzled.

"Again," resumed Cupid, "let me draw attention to your ode. Don't address me as 'Gay arrower, with mortal's hearts for targets.' It's false. I usually appeal to vanity, convenience, family pride, and such trivialities. It makes my work vastly easier."

"In other words—"

"In other words, Mr. Pagina, when the 'balsam of my shafts,' as you term it, enters a man's organization, he doesn't



*De Jones (to Smythe, who has just bought a bicycle): WHY DON'T YOU GET ON AND RIDE?*

*Smythe: I WOULD, BUT I'M IN A HURRY.*

wander around in dyspeptical imitation of Romeo, with sonnets made to his mistress's eyebrow, but sensibly finds out the old gentleman's financial standing, how the family regard him, and so forth. It's not men's fault that their love is so mercenary. I make them so."

"Then my ode—"

"Is trash, Mr. Pagina, if you will pardon me. So are all modern odes to me. I've stood it for two centuries now, and I'm getting tired of it."

"Alas, poor Cupid!" murmured Mr. Pagina.

"Let me show you how my tastes run in the field of literature," resumed Cupid, "you will understand me better then."

He drew a few plainly bound volumes from one of his capacious pockets, and placed it in Mr. Pagina's hands. They were Gray's "Elegy," Milton's "Paradise Lost," Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and the "Complete Manual of Etiquette."

"You can judge a man by his books," said Cupid; "behold my favorites."

Mr. Pagina, dazed, gazed.

"To show you the kind of an ode you really should address to me," the Lord of Hearts went on, "I will recite a poem of my own, which is a perfect expression of my sentiments."

"Pray do," sighed Mr. Pagina.

Cupid went to the table and lowered the student's lamp

#### WANTED TO CHOP IT.

**C**USTOMER (*to waiter, who has just filled his order*): Did you say this was a chop?

WAITER: Yes, sir. Anything the matter with it, sir?

CUSTOMER: Nothing much. But say, when you are coming 'round this way again please bring the axe.

A COUNTER-IRRITANT: A saucy clerk.

#### MEM. FOR THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

**I**N love-making, it is a less misfortune to fail with the right person than to succeed with the wrong one.

**I**F an oyster were to wear lace it would naturally affect blue point, wouldn't it? This style of joke is put up one in a box to take home.

#### ETYMOLOGICAL.

**R**UST is from *rūs*, the country; to rust, to live in the country.

**M**ETTERNICH remarked of Italy: "It is but a geographical expression." He might have added that in the neighborhood of Naples it is a very dirty expression.

which burned thereon, until the room became a chaos of shadow and crystallized mistiness.

"My poem," he began, "is entitled

#### 'THE MERRY CORPSE.'

"What a jolly life the corpse must lead  
In the grave so calm and cool,  
Scorning the trifles poor mortals need,  
And pitying sage and fool!  
Lying at rest on earth's fair breast  
No battle of life to win;  
Fate's stern behest is a merry jest,  
And Time only makes him grin.  
What joy he finds when the rushing winds  
Sing gleefully o'er his head!  
But the damp, cold rain he never minds—  
What a rare life lead the dead!—  
His wants, though simple, he has at hand,  
And all on the best of terms,  
While the finest fare at his command  
He serves to his guests, the worms.  
Careless of heart and fancy free,  
I'd give all I have just a corpse to be."

During the recital of the poem, Mr. Pagina lay back in his chair, listening intently. He could dimly discern the outlines

of the speaker as he moved his arms to give expression to his recitation. When the last word had trembled into an echo, and dispersed itself, a vapor, into the darkness, Mr. Pagina stared fearfully through the shadows at the dim figure before him.

"Cupid," he said, "starting up and rubbing his eyes, 'I have all my life wronged you deeply. I shall reform.'"

He raised the lamp.

Cupid and the shadows had disappeared.

Mr. Pagina sat down at once and wrote out an ode to Cupid, in strict accordance with what he had just heard and learned.

"The truth shall come out now," he muttered, "and Cupid will no longer be maligned by those who know him not."

He sent the production that same night to his favorite satirical paper—one which had often before printed his metrical misrepresentations of the youthful deity.

The very next mail brought his poem back with the courteous announcement:

DEAR SIR:—We regret to say that the accompanying manuscript is not available. We accordingly return it to your address.—EDITOR  
DECADE.

Vladimir Vix.

#### A DREADFUL ERROR.

"IF that young Mr. Wabash should call, mamma," said a Boston young lady, "I shall instruct the servant to say that I am not at home."

"Why, Penelope?"

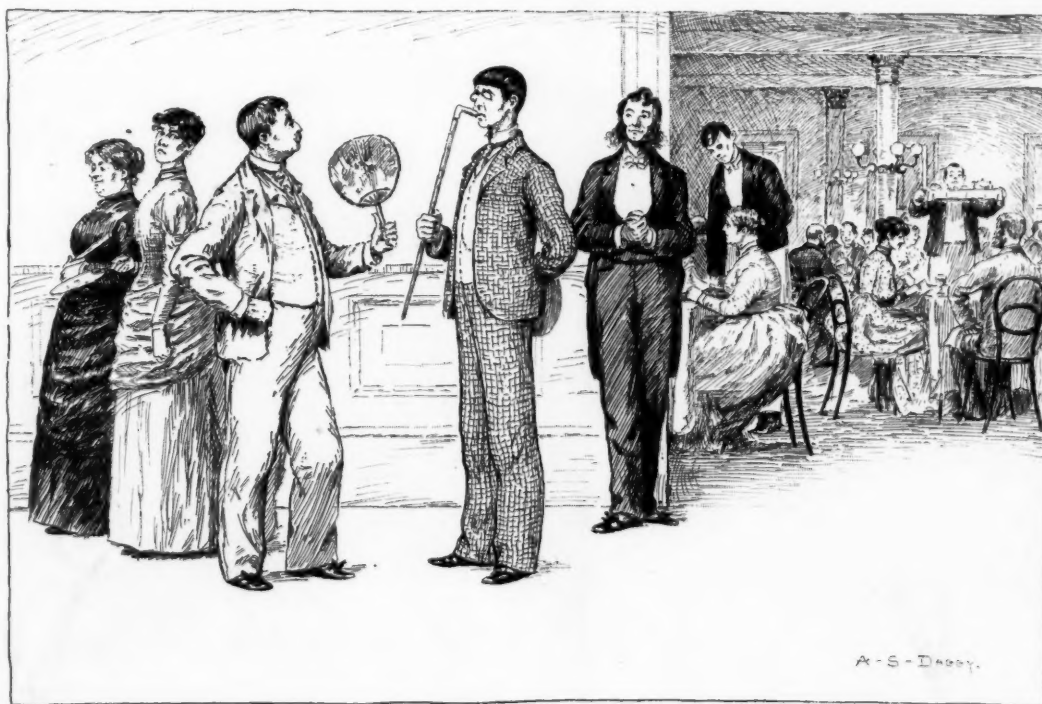
"He said to me, last evening, in the conservatory at Mrs. Bunker's: 'And are you really a Bostonian, Miss Waldo? I had somehow got the impression that you were from Chicago.'"

"THEY must 'a' been pretty drunk," remarked Mrs. Spriggins reading of a dinner to the Prince of Wales. "It says here, 'The health of Her Majesty was proposed and the toast was drunk with enthusiasm.' Who ever heard of drinkin' toast, I'd like to know?"

#### OVERHEARD IN ROTTEN ROW.

ENGLISH GIRL: They don't allow the hansom in the row, you know.

AMERICAN GIRL: I noticed that particularly of the women doncherknow, you know.



#### VERY DEPRESSING.

De Sappy: AH, JONES, HOW IS YOUR MOTHER THIS MORNING?

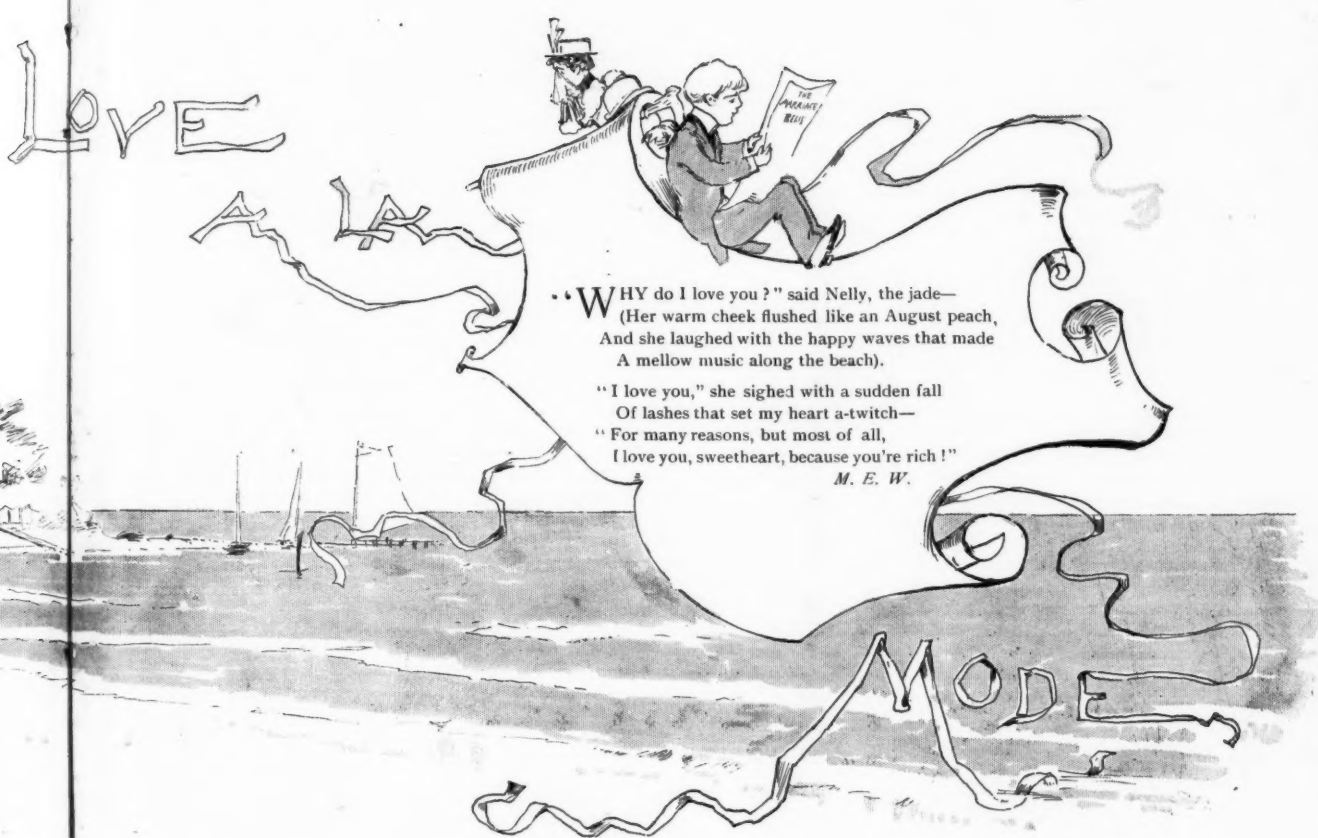
Jones: NO BETTER, THANK YOU. IT BREAKS ME ALL UP.

De Sappy: VERY NATURALLY, OLD BOY. THIS *mal de mere* IS VERY DEPRESSING.









• • WHY do I love you ? " said Nelly, the jade—  
(Her warm cheek flushed like an August peach,  
And she laughed with the happy waves that made  
A mellow music along the beach).

" I love you," she sighed with a sudden fall  
Of lashes that set my heart a-twitch—

" For many reasons, but most of all,  
I love you, sweetheart, because you're rich ! "

M. E. W.

Albert E. Sterner.

## SARATOGA.

LIFE'S vacation Editor reached Saratoga on Saturday last and registered at the Jewnited States Hotel, as this popular caravansary is now called in deference to the prevailing religious beliefs of its patrons. It had been the correspondent's intention to pass a quiet Sabbath at the great Spa, but his experience at Long Branch had misled him as to the number of Hebrews left outside of its hospitable limits and he had no idea that by arriving at his destination on Saturday evening he would catch the Sabbath at ebb-tide. So it was, however, and instead of a quiet Sabbath a Saturnalian Sunday was the order of the day. To say that he enjoyed himself is putting it in its mildest form.

At five o'clock Sunday morning he arose from his downy couch, and, accompanied by Mrs. Maurice Von Hommerheimer, he visited Hathorn Spring and indulged in a glass of Appolonaris water while his fair escort sipped the bubbling Hathorn through a straw. At seven, while wandering over the broad piazzas of the Grand-Junior, he met the lovely Miss Minzesberg, who requested him to join her in a glass of Congress water—which he did with infinite gusto. While returning from Congress Spring, young Israel Isaacs was met. He extended a cordial invitation to the Correspondent to drive out to the Excelsior Spring and take a sip. It was an inexpensive attention, but Israel invariably gives a liberal discount to his friends who purchase their outfit at his establishment, and while the correspondent had nearly reached his capacity for mineral water, he deemed it best to accept the invitation, for economic reasons.

On the return the dining-room was sought out, and a light breakfast was obtained by the very simple expedient of giving a head-waiter two dollars, a deputy-head-waiter one dollar, and a plain simple negro, with a walk suited to a more kingly station, the munificent sum of fifty cents.

Breakfast over the correspondent walked up to Clarendon Spring with Mr. Isaacs' sister. Miss Isaacs had a *penchant* for Clarendon Spring water, and as the correspondent had never tasted it, she deemed it a golden opportunity to initiate him. The walk up Broadway was a delight. An ever varying panorama of life was on view, and the

intelligent man who is capable of drawing a parallel cannot help but be reminded of the exodus of Moses and his tribes from the land of Egypt. There are slight architectural differences to be sure, but a student of naseology could not fail to be deeply impressed by the similarity of the walkers out of Egypt and the promenaders at Saratoga.

The Clarendon Spring water was delicious, and was very suggestive of a mixture of Croton water, worsted slippers, quinine pills and an iron barrel hoop, which the correspondent remembers having concocted for an amateur soda-water fountain in his youthful days. After drinking three glasses of this to convince Miss Isaacs that he liked it, the correspondent was asked if he had ever tasted the High Rock water. Hoping to change the subject, he replied that he thought rain was imminent and with much relevancy asked Miss Isaacs to take a ride in the circular railway. This the young lady did, dropping High Rock for the nonce, but insisting upon returning the courtesy of the ride by a bottle of ginger ale and soda-water at her expense.

In self-defense the correspondent avoided all who were likely to invite him to indulge in mineral waters during the afternoon. The magnificent crown lands of the Stewarts served to hide him from view, and the afternoon was spent inspecting the works of art which adorn the acres of Woodlawn.

Woodlawn is a lovely place. The treasures which its judicial proprietor has imported at great expense give it an air of massive grandeur, that is rarely seen outside of a cemetery. The fence around the place is a work of art—constructed out of pure Saratoga cobble-stones in the rough, with an occasional bit of relief in the shape of a Philadelphia brick gateway, the piers surmounted by marble statues of various goddesses clad chiefly in smiling innocence. Where there is a bit of lawn not specially adapted to the erection of a monument, the tasteful owner has supplied massive marble urns which give a warmth to the scene rarely found off the equator. In the centre of the park are some five or six magnificent residences belonging to the lord of the manor and his immediate family. The princely proprietor has but two houses at present, one for summer and one for the winter, but it is hoped if business is good that a spring cottage and a fall cabin will be erected before the year is up.



1. Old Gooble feels young enough to join in a game of leap-frog with the boys.
2. But through a slight miscalculation he comes to grief.
3. He goes to the nearest police station to surrender himself for manslaughter.



*She (slightly seasick):* SOMEHOW OR OTHER I CAN'T EAT ON BOARD THESE BOATS.

*He:* WHAT DO YOU WANT TO EAT FOR? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT "WILFUL WASTE MAKES WOEFUL WANT."

A country lawyer who accompanied the correspondent on his walk through the grounds, announced his intention to visit New York next winter and run for the first vacant judgeship he can find and cultivate the acquaintance of some one of our merchant princes. This certainly is a lucrative profession.

The day was brought to a close by a german given by the Solomon-Levi's at their superb mansion on Broadway. The favors were unprecedentedly choice, and the jewels displayed were simply dazzling. Mrs. Solomon-Levi wore a large 27 karat rhine-stone set in silver on her forefinger. All the young ladies present wore gloves, but the prevailing style of wearing the rings outside added great lustre to the scene. After a cold collation of ginger beer, soda crackers and a magnum of High Rock water for each person, the gentlemen adjourned to the old Morrissey Club House and finished up the night with a game of Pharaoh.

The correspondent reached New York after a very tiresome walk on Thursday, firmly convinced that while vice is not quite so rampant in Saratoga now as in by-gone days, there is none the less too much sin-agog there to suit his taste.

*Cholmondeley Harcourt.*

#### IS THIS AN INSULT TO THE PENSION AGENTS.

**A** PROPOS of the fishing season a fair story is told of the immortal Dan, who was asked by a Washington politician what the President caught in the Adirondacks, closing with the query:

"Suckers?"

"No," said Dan "he catches all the suckers he wants in Washington."

Whether this will affect the Presidential race or not remains to be seen.

#### IN SEASON.

##### I.

**I** MET her in December,  
Ere dancing made her thin—  
A pliant figure in a suit  
Of cloth and leopard-skin;  
Her pretty chin looked fuller  
Clasped by a bonnet bow,  
Her pointed bang and ostrich tips  
Were powdered by the snow.

And I vowed, as I bowed,  
That a maid's in her prime,  
Like a rich hot-house rose,  
In the bleak winter-time.

##### II.

But now in blue midsummer,  
The leafy August days,  
Short-skirted cambrics make her seem  
But childish in her ways;  
A wide-brimmed straw half shadows  
Her face from noontide glare,  
Her little neck and chin are brown,  
And the wind has tossed her hair.

And I say as we stray,  
I have always averred,  
That the rose as it grows  
Out of doors I preferred.



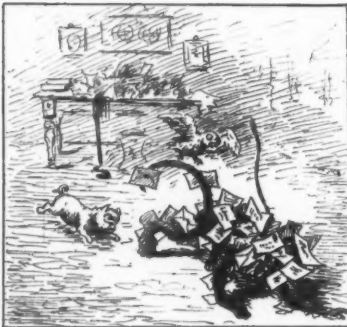
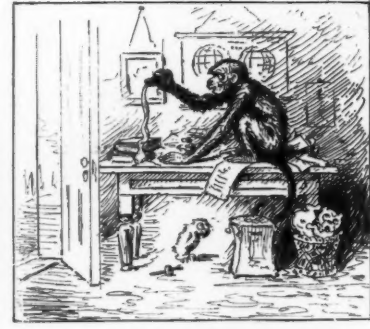
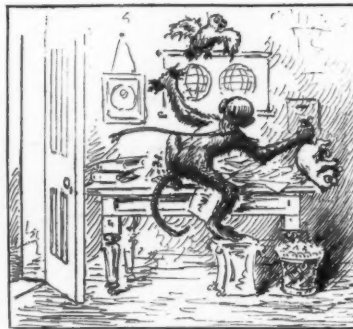
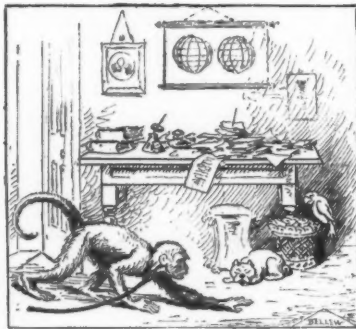
#### EQUALLY DIVIDED.

*Mrs. O'Harrity:* NOW PUT IN ANOTHER QUART.

*Grocer (putting in second quart):* WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK FOR A HALF-GALLON AT FIRST AND HAVE DONE WITH IT?

*Mrs. O'Harrity:* OCH, BLESS YEZ SOWL! ONE QUART IS FER MESELF AND T'OTHER IS FER MRS. CASEY.

## THE MONKEY MUST GO.



LIFE'S APE MONKEYS WITH THE MUCILAGE.

## PROVERBLETS.

IX.

TAKE care of the pence and the absconding cashier will take care of the pounds.

X.

WHERE there's a will there's a way to break it.

XI.

EVIL communications are worth about \$30,000 apiece to New York aldermen.

XII.

HE laughs best who laughs at his own joke.

XIII.

DON'T hatch your chickens; it is safer to sell them in the shell.

XIV.

SPEECH is silver, but the coinage is debased.

XV.

IT is well to be on with the new love before the old throws you over.

W. L.

## A GOOD INVESTMENT.

DUMLEY: What a bore that young Brown is. He makes me sick.

FEATHERLY: He never bores me.

DUMLEY: You are better natured than I am, then.

FEATHERLY: No, I lent him five hundred dollars a year ago.

THEY say Frenchmen never mean what they say, but there is one man who is always sincere and he can't help himself. He was born St. Cyr, and nothing but an act of Congress can change him.

## HIS OWN IMPORTATION.

"HAVE you something fine in the way of imported cigars?" inquired a Yorkville dude of the dealer. "Yes, sir," the dealer replied. "Them two-fer-five 'Jersey seedlings' is having a big run."

LOADED TO KILL — A midsummer apple-tree.





**BLOOD WILL TELL.**

CHARLIE, aged eight, brought home a slinking yellow pup, bow-legged, drooping-tailed and shamefaced. He cared for it tenderly, fixed a dry goods box in the back yard for a kennel, and on every possible occasion exhibited the animal proudly. His sister Ella, aged 18, asked him fastidiously:

"Where did you get that dog?"

"I bought him from a man for twenty-five cents," with the pride of ownership.

"Mercy! The idea of paying twenty-five cents for that horrid beast!"

Charlie's eyes flashed indignantly. "He isn't horrid. That shows how much a girl knows. The man told me he is a full blooded cur."—*American Portfolio.*

FIRST OMAHA MAN: Eureka! I've struck it at last. It's a new invention. Millions in it!

SECOND OMAHA MAN: I don't take much stock in patents.

"Yes, but this one is a dead-sure thing. It is a hand-organ modeled after the automatic race-tracks you see in hotels."

"Won't pay."

"I'll have them everywhere, and will rake in thousands of dollars a day. Everybody who comes along will drop a nickel into it."

"Dropping a nickel into it starts it to playing, I suppose."

"No, that stops it."—*Exchange.*

"Oh, no, ma'am," pleaded the tramp, "you may think my life all sunshine, but it ain't. Wherever I go I am beset with dangers. In short, ma'am, I carry my life in my hands."

"Ah, I see!" exclaimed his temporary hostess, "that accounts for your not washing your hands. You don't dare to do it for fear you'll drown yourself."—*Boston Transcript.*

AN exchange telling of a man who fell overboard, winds up by saying: "He had been in the water about an hour, when a schooner from Baltimore came along, heard his cries, and picked him up wet and fatigued." It is easy to believe that the man should be fatigued after an hour's paddling in the water, but when the writer informs us that the poor fellow was also wet, his pitiable condition is depicted in colors that are graphic as well as glowing, and one's sympathies are drawn to him as they never could have been had he managed to keep dry all the time.—*Boston Transcript.*

"THE night watchman awoke when the roof fell in," says a conflagration despatch. If it were not for the wakefulness of night watchmen, a great deal of property would be destroyed.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

**LEGAL CLEARNESS.**

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer, in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab and omnibus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively—or how was it?"—*Ex.*

**To Tourists, Travelers and Sportsmen.**

ABSENCE from home always brings its annoyances, especially in the matter of insuring a supply of clean linen.

The simplest way to secure this, and to feel that a fresh and spotless collar or pair of cuffs is always available, is to keep a supply of what are called "LINENE" goods. They are comfortable and genteel, and their many advantages are obvious to the experienced traveler. While it is not our desire to sell the LINENE goods direct to the consumer, we shall at any time be most happy to send samples. A sample collar and pair of cuffs is sent to any address on receipt of six cents, when goods cannot be obtained elsewhere. Illustrated Catalogue free. Address the

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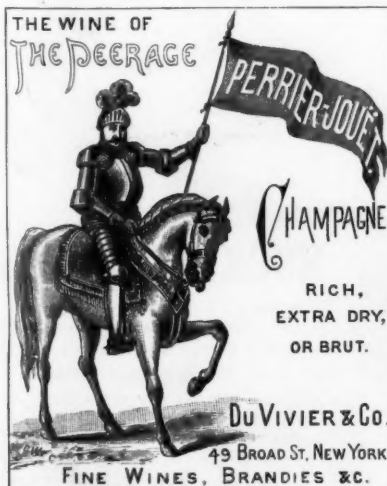
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**NERVOUS WAITER (at hotel):** Did you go up to Sarah Bernhardt's room?  
**HALL BOY:** Yes.  
"Did you knock at the door?"  
"Yes."  
"Which came out of the door—the lady or the tiger?"—*Omaha World.*

**A PRUDENT MAN.**  
**BROWN:** My dear fellow—two umbrellas! What on earth is that for?  
**JONES:** Why in case I leave one anywhere.—*Ex.*  
**MAMMA:** Freddie, how did you like Johnny's party?  
**FREDDIE:** Well, mamma, as they say of President Cleveland, I think Johnny is a good deal better than his party.—*Burlington Free Press.*

**HAD TO DIE ANY WAY.**  
**FIRST ACTOR (pulling the trigger of a revolver six times):** Die, you miserable villain.  
**SECOND ACTOR:** Your pistol has missed fire, Sir Rudolph, but I am smitten with remorse for my crimes, and will die according to your wish! Then he rolled on the stage in agony, and "pegged out straight." The curtain fell.—*Ex.*

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Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

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Little Green Apple: HOO-RA-A-A! HERE COMES A SMALL BOY.

IGNORANT BUT INGENIOUS.

OLD GENTLEMAN: Now, Sidney, tell me who was the first man.

SIDNEY (promptly): Adam.

OLD GENTLEMAN: Very good indeed. Who was the first woman?

SIDNEY (after some hesitation): Madam.—Harper's Bazar.

AT MOUNT DESERT.

ETHEL (to Cousin Jack, who has just arrived): I've found this dear old boatman a perfect type of his class, and I want you to know and enjoy him as—

BOATMAN (breaking in): Here you, Silas! 'f you don't fetch that yer ——— dory in ter vunst I'll break every ——— bone in yer ——— carcass!—Judge.

HE HAD A SCHEME.

"WILLIAM," said the old gentleman at the breakfast table.

"Sir."

"I am not pleased to see you so much in the company of young Jobson. He is a dissipated young man and he gambles. I should prefer that you avoid his society."

"He gambles, father, I suppose. He can afford to. He has just made \$100,000 in the wheat corner."

"Well—still—you had better be careful."

After a little William rises from the table.

"William!"

"Sir."

"If Mr. Jobson is disengaged this evening you can bring him up to dinner. Perhaps a little good example may save him—and, William, you can just tell him something about the new mining company I am floating."—San Francisco Chronicle.

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